

WINTER ISSUE  
No. 4

# KID ETERNITY

10¢



**Kid**  
**ETERNITY**  
and  
**MR. KEEPER**  
bring you  
**THE GREAT**  
**HEROES**  
**OF THE**  
**PAST!**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

*Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes*



## SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

**IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50**

**IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00**

**IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00**

**REMEMBER:** No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

**WRITE  
FOR COMPLETE  
DETAILS  
TO**

## CREDIT SALES COMPANY

406 North Main Street P. O. Box 106 Normal, Illinois

Dept. C1



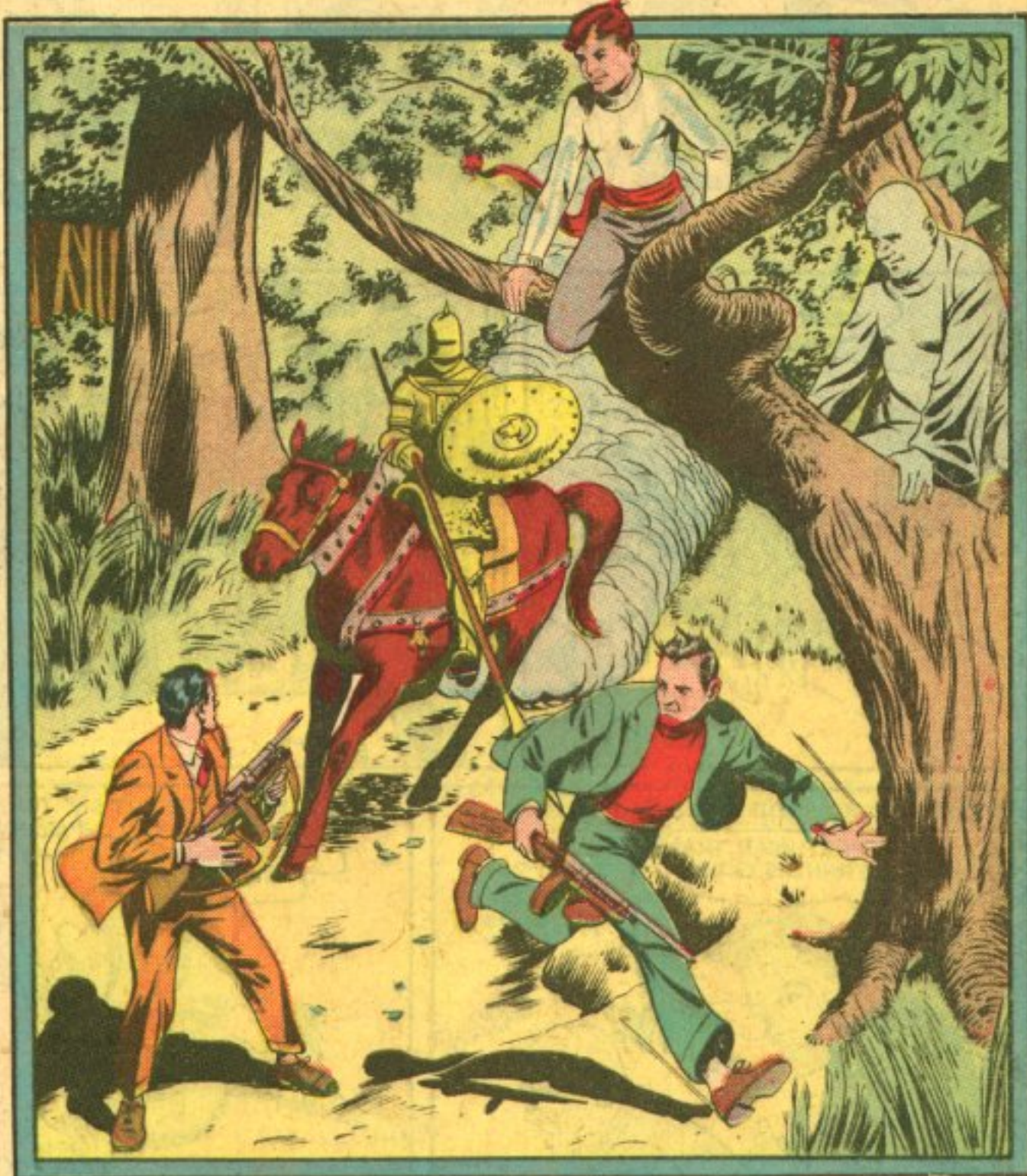
KID ETERNITY

Kid

WHY should a sane modern man withdraw to a remote island and turn his back on civilization for the dangers and discomforts of the Middle Ages?

The question intrigued *KID ETERNITY*—but no matter how he added it up, the answers always came out **MURDER!**

Eternity

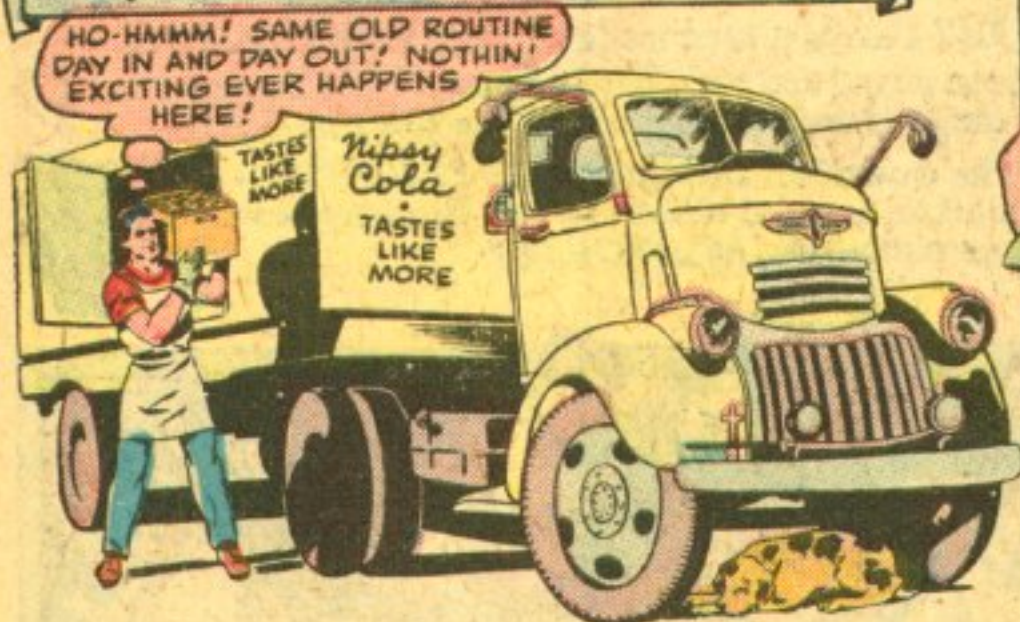


SNATCHED from this life before his time, *KID ETERNITY* was recompensed with magic powers under the guardianship of MR. KEEPER!

He can become visible or invisible, can turn backward in time, and can call forth characters from the past who reside in *ETERNITY*! Even so, it took all of his mighty powers to unravel *the riddle of The GOLDEN KNIGHT!*



A lazy afternoon in a small sea-coast city...



At that moment, on a passing cloud...





# KID ETERNITY



THE CROWD'S  
DISPERSING  
NOW, KID!  
LET'S GO  
BACK!

NO! HE'S  
GOING RIGHT  
ON OUT OF  
TOWN AND MY  
CURIOSITY  
IS AROUSED!  
LET'S FOLLOW  
HIM!



A short time later...

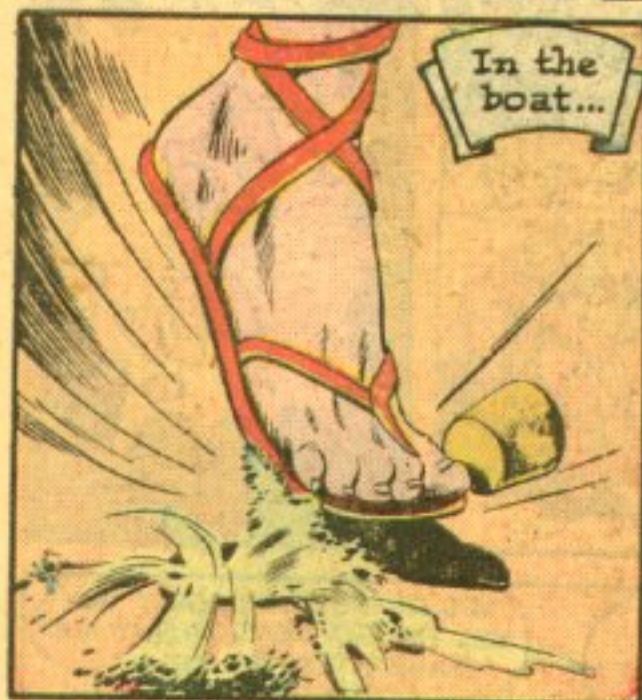
THE BOAT AWAITS,  
SIR CHRISTOPHER!

TO THE  
CASTLE  
AT ONCE!



I HAVEN'T SEEN A  
LAYOUT LIKE THAT  
IN A THOUSAND  
YEARS!

THEY  
SPOKE OF A  
CASTLE SOMEWHERE!  
I'D ALMOST THINK  
WE WERE BACK  
IN THE MIDDLE  
AGES!



In the  
boat...



SAVE YOURSELF,  
SIR CHRISTOPHER!  
WE ARE  
SINKING!

WHY, THOSE MEN AREN'T EVEN  
TRYING TO SAVE THE  
KNIGHT!



IN ALL THAT HEAVY  
ARMOR, HE'LL SINK  
LIKE A STONE!

I CAN THINK OF  
ONLY ONE PERSON  
TO SAVE HIM!  
**ETERNITY!**

The magic word rends  
the veil of Time, bringing  
back a mighty figure  
from the past!





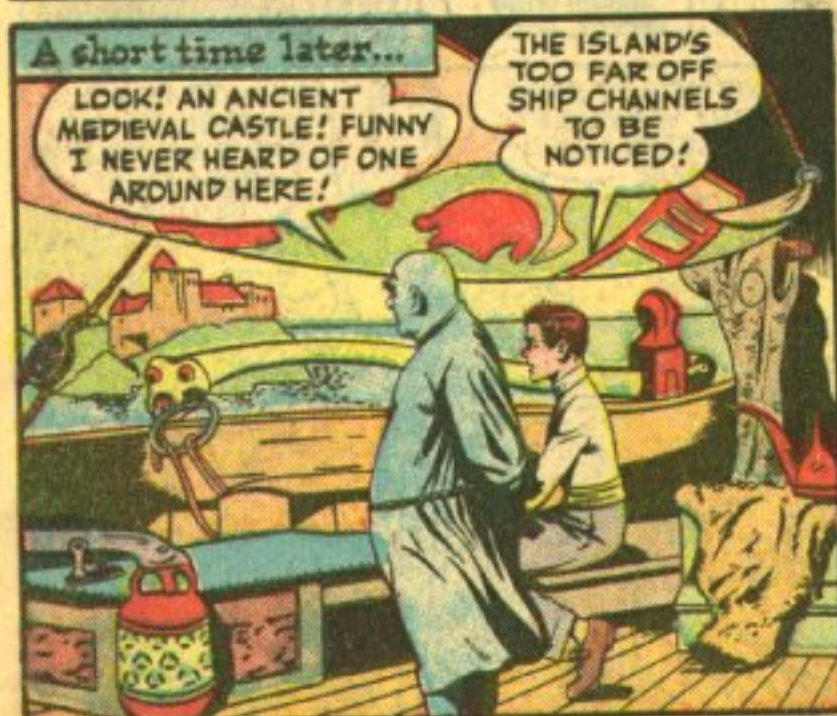




# KID ETERNITY











PSST, KID! I DON'T LIKE THAT RALPH! HE HAS A FISHY EYE, TO MY WAY OF THINKING!

I'M NOT TOO IMPRESSED, EITHER, KEEP, BUT HE MAY UNRAVEL THIS MYSTERY FOR US! KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR TRICKERY!



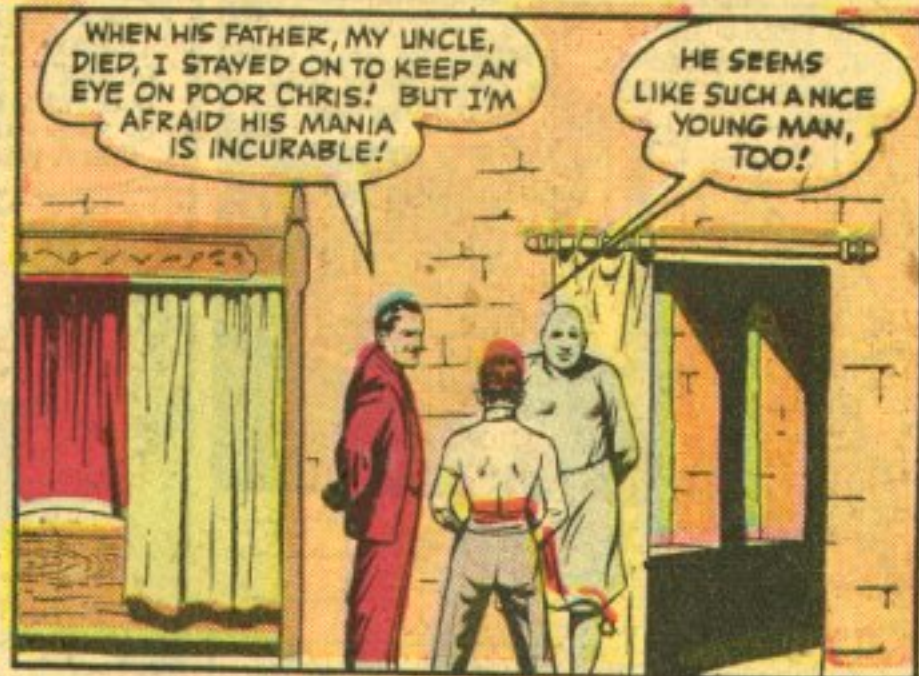
POOR CHRIS! I PRESUME BY NOW YOU'VE FIGURED OUT THE SAD AFFLICTION RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS STRANGE ACTIONS!

YOU--YOU MEAN HE'S SUFFERING DELUSIONS? OUT OF HIS MIND?



YES! HIS POOR FATHER WAS CRACKED ON MEDIEVAL HISTORY! HE BUILT THIS CASTLE AND INSISTED ON LIVING AS THEY DID IN THE PAST!

AND CHRIS CONTINUES THE MASQUERADE?



WHEN HIS FATHER, MY UNCLE, DIED, I STAYED ON TO KEEP AN EYE ON POOR CHRIS! BUT I'M AFRAID HIS MANIA IS INCURABLE!

HE SEEMS LIKE SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN, TOO!



YOU MAY STAY HERE TONIGHT! I'LL ARRANGE BOAT PASSAGE TO THE MAINLAND FOR YOU IN THE MORNING!

THAT'S MIGHTY KIND OF YOU!



THERE YOU HAVE IT, KID! THAT'S YOUR MYSTERY! HE'S JUST A HARMLESS LUNATIC WHO THINKS HE'S A KNIGHT OF OLD!

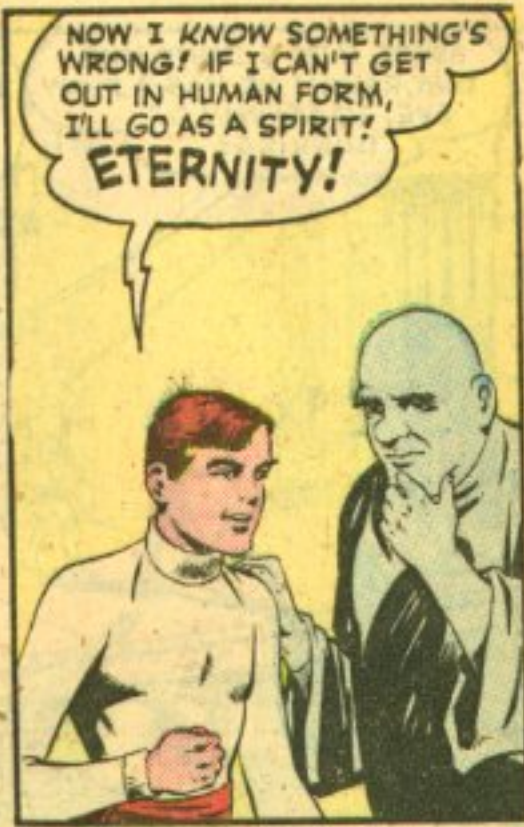
YOU MEAN-- THAT'S WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO THINK! BUT I DON'T!



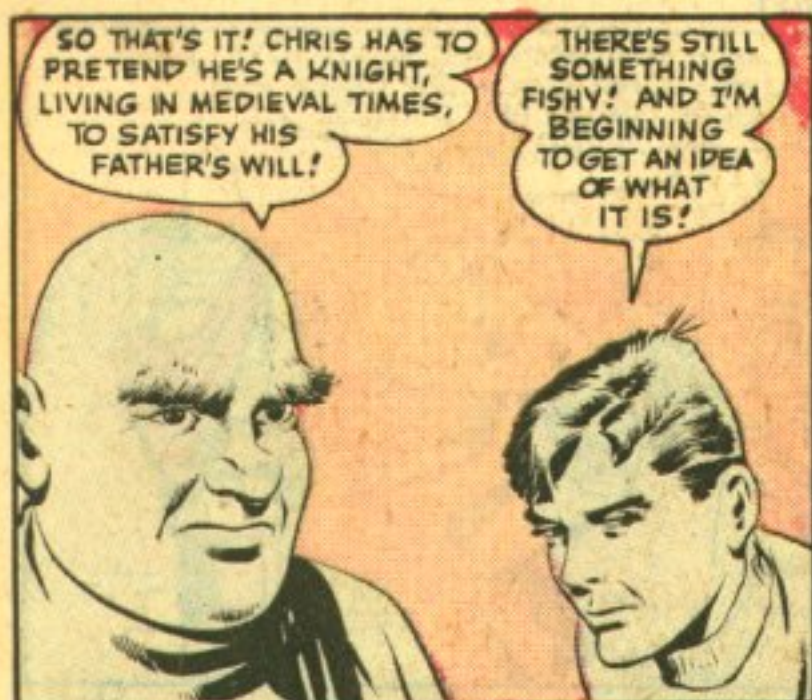
A LUNATIC WITH SUCH DELUSIONS SHOULD BE HAPPY WITH THEM! CHRIS ISN'T! HE'S WORRIED AND ANYTHING BUT HAPPY!

OH, YOU'D HUNT FOR A MYSTERY ANYWHERE! I SAY HE'S CRAZY! IT'S OBVIOUS FROM ALL THIS MEDIEVAL NONSENSE!

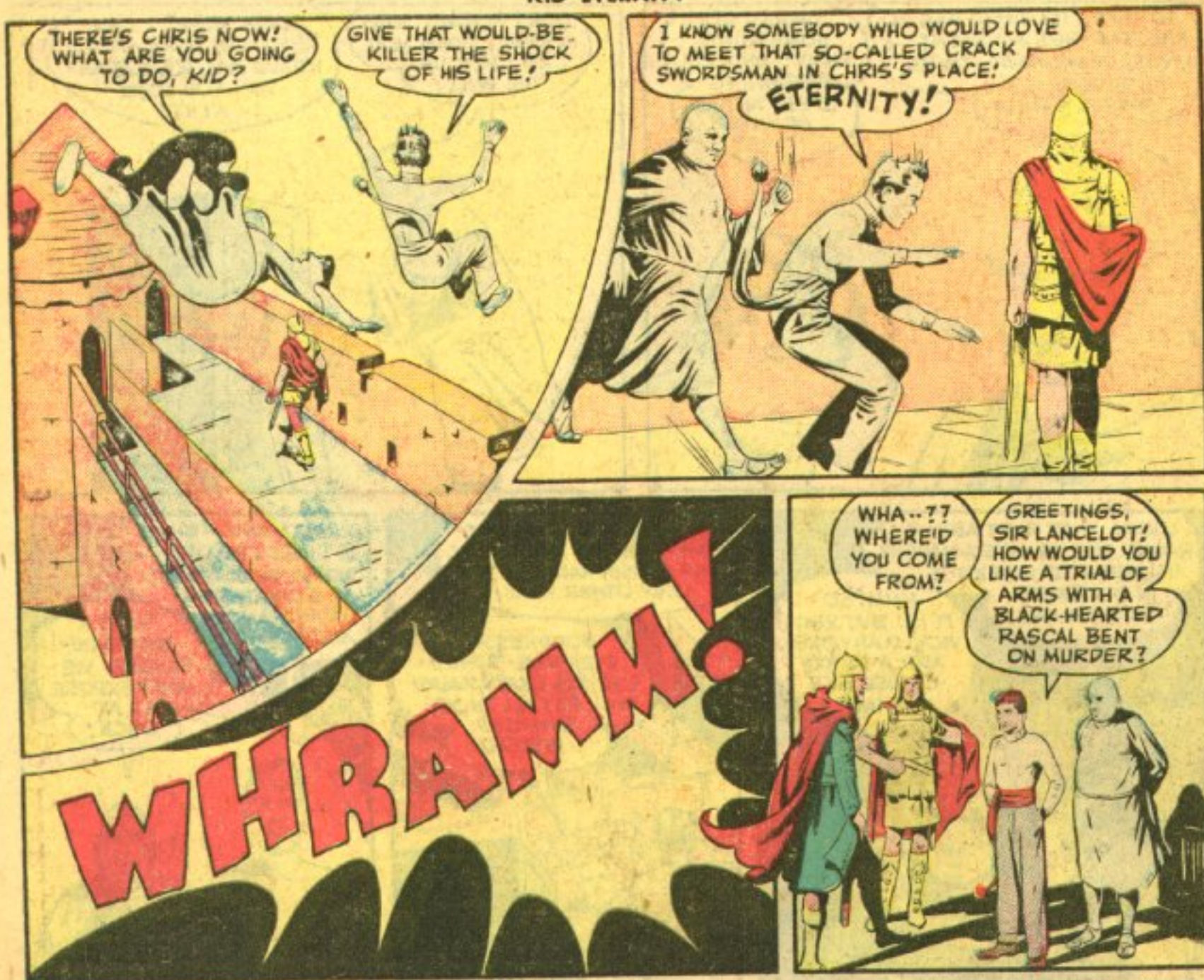






















KID ETERNITY

# KID ETERNITY



When unscrupulous characters set out to wreck Mrs. Annie Arden's little antique Shop, *KID ETERNITY* was ready to meet them with an army of willing battlers out of the Past! But it was a little hard to help somebody who didn't recognize danger when she saw it!











The magic word changes Kid Eternity from Spirit back to mortal!



I'M GOING TO SEE IF MRS. ARDEN IS ALL RIGHT AND TRY TO FIND OUT WHY MOCK FOSTER IS AFTER HER!

NOW, KID, WHY MUST YOU STIR UP OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES?



HELLO, MRS. ARDEN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I COULDN'T GET HERE IN TIME TO HELP YOU!

SHUCKS, SON! I'VE BEEN A WIDOW SO LONG I'M USED TO HANDLING THINGS BY MYSELF!



BUT THOSE MEN ARE BAD MEDICINE! WHY SHOULD THEY WANT TO WRECK YOUR LITTLE SHOP?

BLEST IF I KNOW, SON! JUST PLAIN ORNERY, I GUESS!



NOW, SONNY, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT IT! I CAN HANDLE MERE MEN ANY TIME! YOU RUN ALONG AND PLAY NOW!

ULP! BUT MRS. ARDEN...



WAIT! LET ME EXPLAIN ABOUT--  
**ULP!**

**SLAM!**

HAW-HAW-HAW! I GUESS THAT'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO POKE YOUR NOSE INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS, SONNY!



SERIOUSLY, KID, YOU CAN SEE SHE DOESN'T WANT YOUR HELP, SO...

SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HER OWN DANGER! MOCK'S A KILLER AND HE ISN'T THROUGH WITH HER YET! BUT I NEED HELP, SO...  
**ETERNITY!**





The magic word summons a mighty figure of History to Kid Eternity's aid!



ULP! GENERAL LAFAYETTE BAKER, HEAD OF THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE IN THE CIVIL WAR!



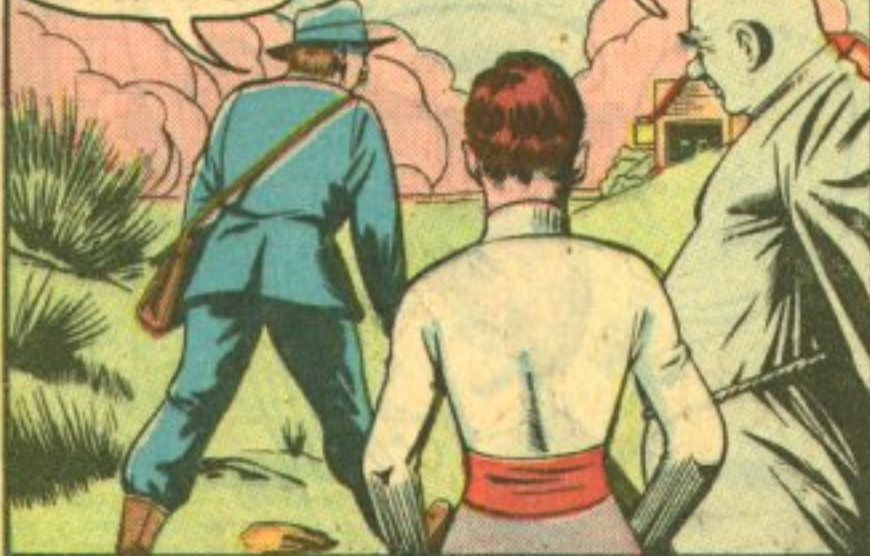
RIGHT! AND THE DETECTIVE WHO TRACKED DOWN JOHN WILKES BOOTH AFTER HE SHOT LINCOLN, DON'T FORGET!

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, KID ETERNITY?



I NEED AN ACE DETECTIVE TO TRACE FOSTER AND FIND OUT WHY HE'S OUT TO WRECK MRS. ARDEN'S ANTIQUE SHOP!

PAH! I THOUGHT YOU HAD A **TOUGH** TASK FOR A GREAT MIND LIKE MINE! I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR OR TWO WITH THE INFORMATION!



HMMM! MODEST LITTLE GUY, ISN'T HE, KID?

NOW, I NEED SOME WAY OF IMPRESSING MRS. ARDEN WITH HER DANGER! SHE WON'T CO-OPERATE UNLESS SHE REALIZES THIS IS SERIOUS!



YOU'D BETTER CALL MERLIN, THE MAGICIAN, FOR A JOB LIKE THAT!

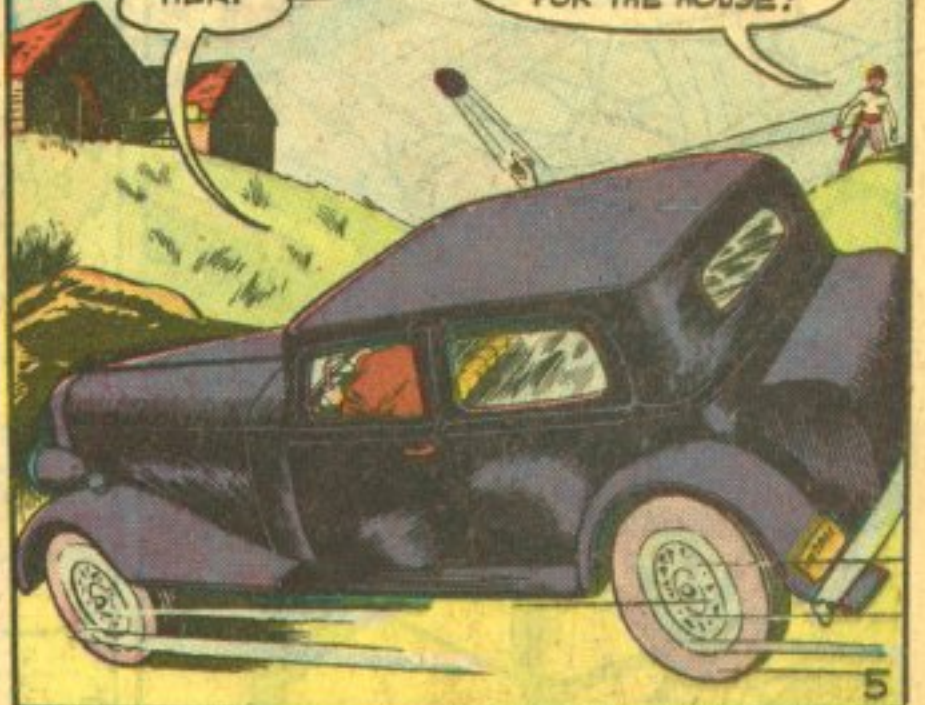


MAYBE I **DO** NEED A MAGICIAN, BUT --- KEEP! LOOK!



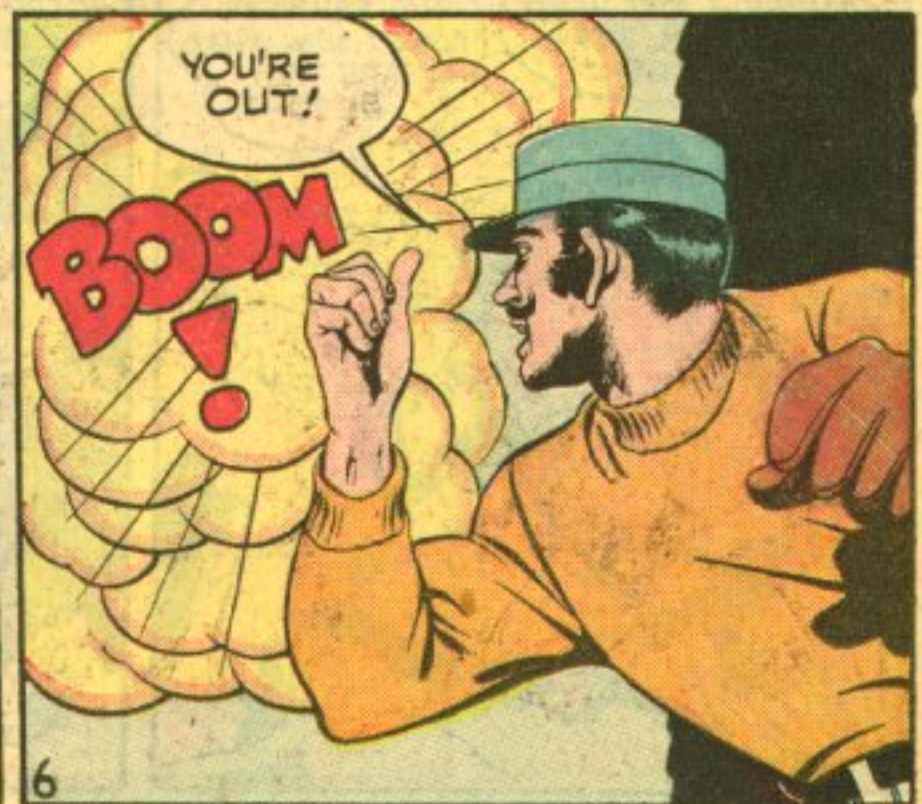
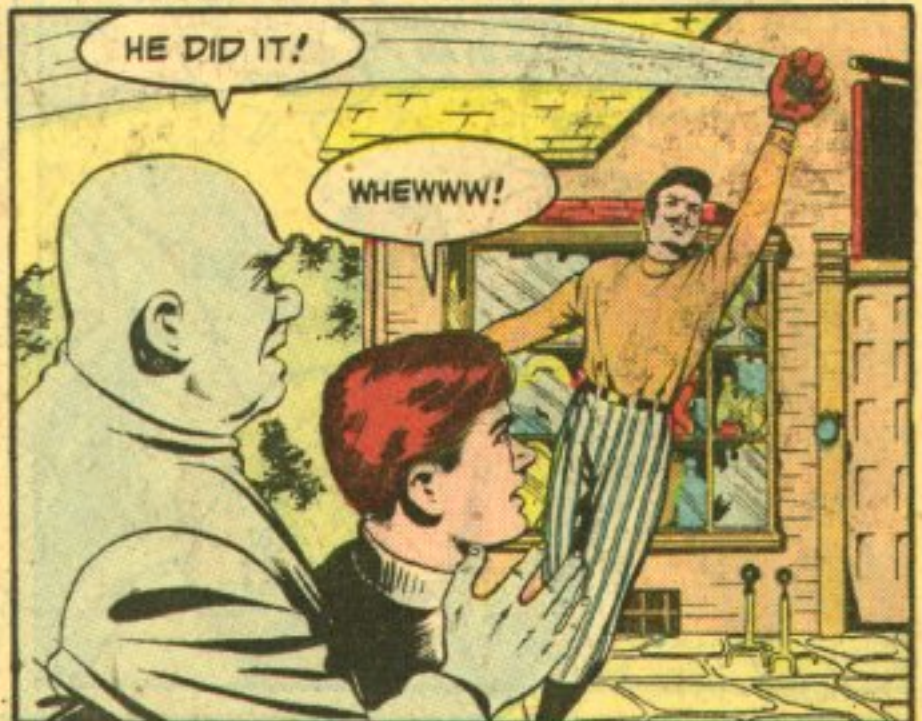
THAT SAME CAR AGAIN! NOW WHAT ARE THEY UP TO--??

OKAY, LET HER HAVE IT! WE'LL TEACH HER!



EEEOWW! A BOMB --- HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE HOUSE!















Kid Eternity talks fast ----

...AND THE BOMB WAS  
READY TO LAND AT  
YOUR DOOR, MA'AM!

HMMM! SOUNDS CRAZY,  
BUT I'VE HEARD OF YOU,  
KID ETERNITY! RECKON  
I'LL HAVE TO BELIEVE  
YOU!



KID ETERNITY!  
WAIT... !!

IT'S GENERAL BAKER!  
MAYBE HE DISCOVERED  
A CLUE TO THE  
MYSTERY!



AH, YOU MADE NO MISTAKE IN PICKING  
ME FOR YOUR DETECTIVE, KID! AS I  
ALWAYS MAINTAINED, I'M THE  
WORLD'S GREATEST...

NEVER MIND  
THE BOUQUETS!  
WHAT DID YOU  
LEARN ABOUT  
FOSTER?



I DISCOVERED HIS FIRST  
NAME IS MOCK! GIVE ME  
ANOTHER COUPLE OF HOURS  
AND I'LL LEARN WHERE HE  
MAY BE FOUND...

OH, FOR...!!  
WHILE YOU'RE  
LEARNING HIS  
NAME, HE'S OUT  
HERE BOMBING  
MRS. ARDEN'S  
HOME!



I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T WAIT  
FOR ANY MORE DETECTIVE  
WORK, GENERAL BAKER!  
YOU'D BETTER HURRY  
BACK TO ---  
ETERNITY!

BUT, WAIT--  
KID! I'VE ONLY  
BEGUN TO GET  
MY TEETH  
INTO THIS  
CASE!



PSHAW, KID ETERNITY! I  
RECKON I CAN TELL YOU  
WHAT THAT ORNERY FOSTER  
IS AFTER!

THEY'RE  
GOING IN! NOW'S  
OUR CHANCE!



WHA...? YOU MEAN  
YOU **KNOW** WHAT  
THIS IS ALL  
ABOUT?

MY BROTHER  
TIMOTHY LEFT A  
VALUABLE DIAMOND  
NECKLACE SOMEWHERE  
AMONG HIS ANTIQUES!  
BUT WE NEVER  
COULD FIND  
IT!







THESE WERE HIS ANTIQUES! HE LEFT 'EM TO ME. BUT GOODNESS KNOWS WHERE HE HID THE NECKLACE! I FINALLY GAVE UP HUNTING!

SO THAT'S IT! MOCK FIGURES IF THEY SMASH EVERY PIECE TO BITS, THEY'RE SURE TO FIND IT!



YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN', SMART BOY! WE'RE GONNA PULVERIZE EVERYTHING IN THIS JOINT, STARTING WITH YOU!

EEEAWRK! FOSTER AND HIS WHOLE MOB!



SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE FAST --- AND I THINK I KNOW WHO CAN DO IT... ETERNITY!

WHRAAMMM!



WHAT TH...? WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

QUICK, SAMUEL COLT! CAN YOU STILL HANDLE YOUR ORIGINAL REVOLVER?

WATCH ME!



AND TO THINK I NEARLY STARVED TRYING TO PERSUADE THE GOVERNMENT TO BUY MY REVOLVERS!

EEEOW!

MY HAND!

OWOOD!

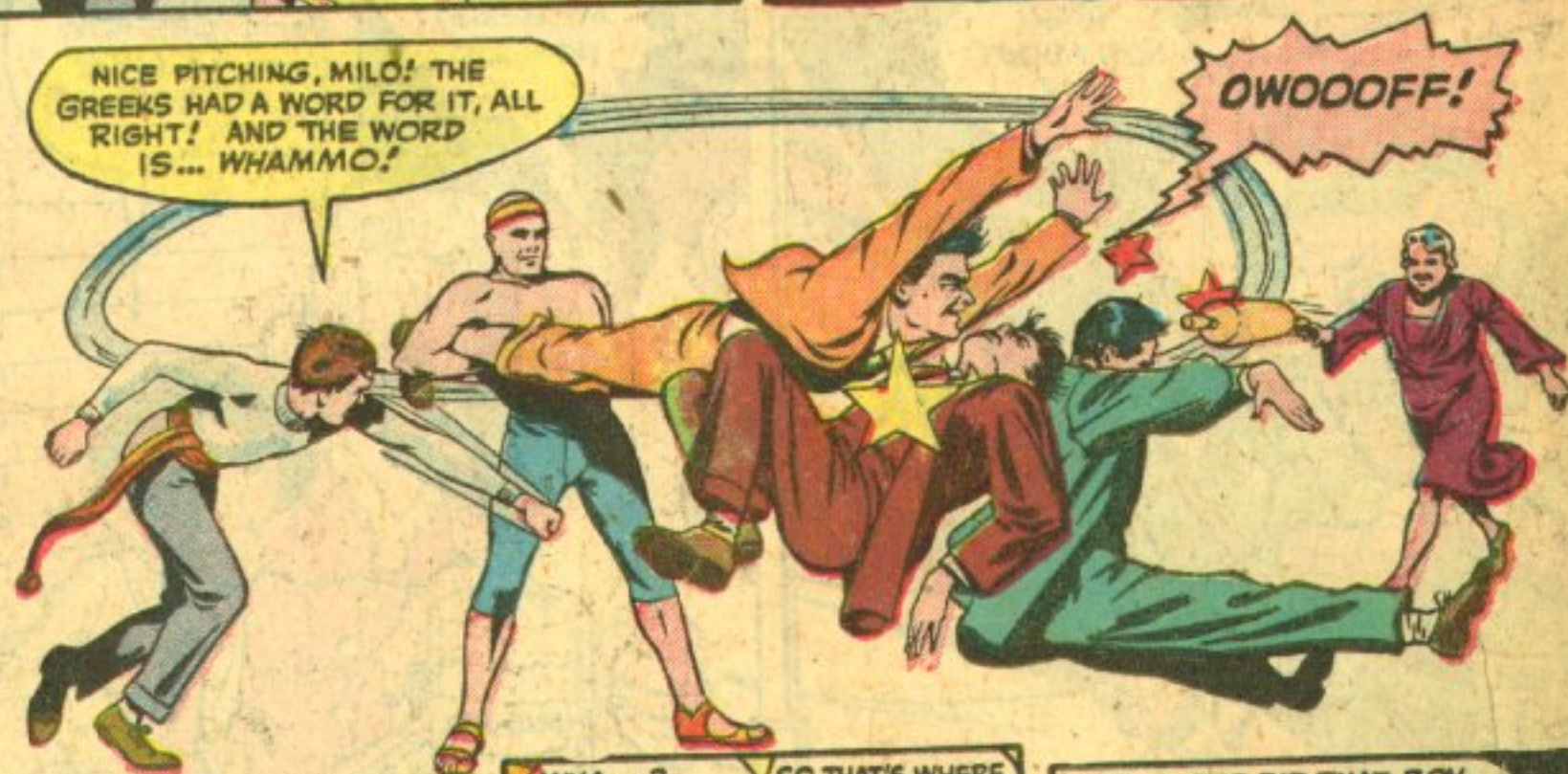
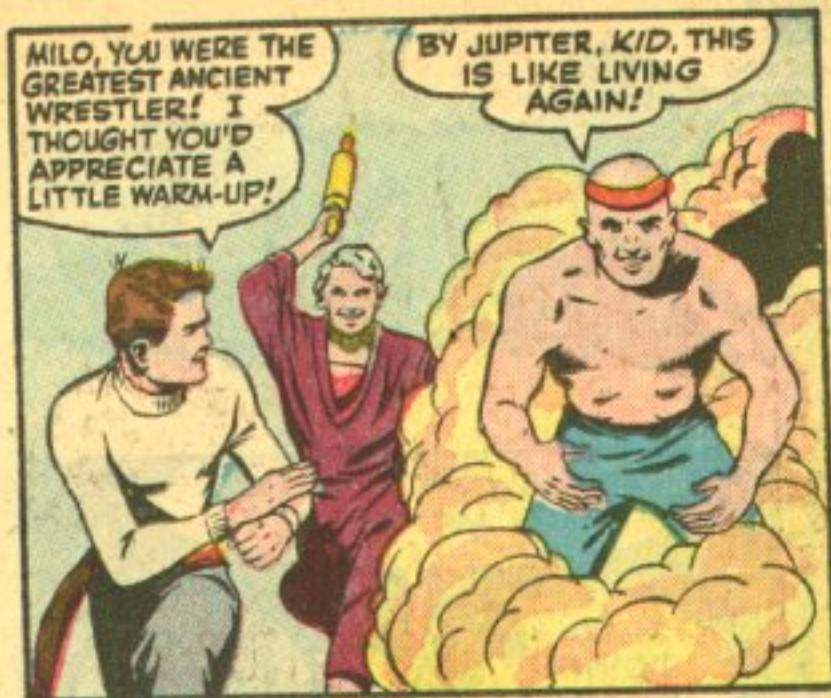


FINE, SAMUEL COLT! NOW THAT THEY'RE WEAPONLESS, YOU MAY GO! THIS IS A JOB FOR SOMEBODY ELSE!

ETERNITY!

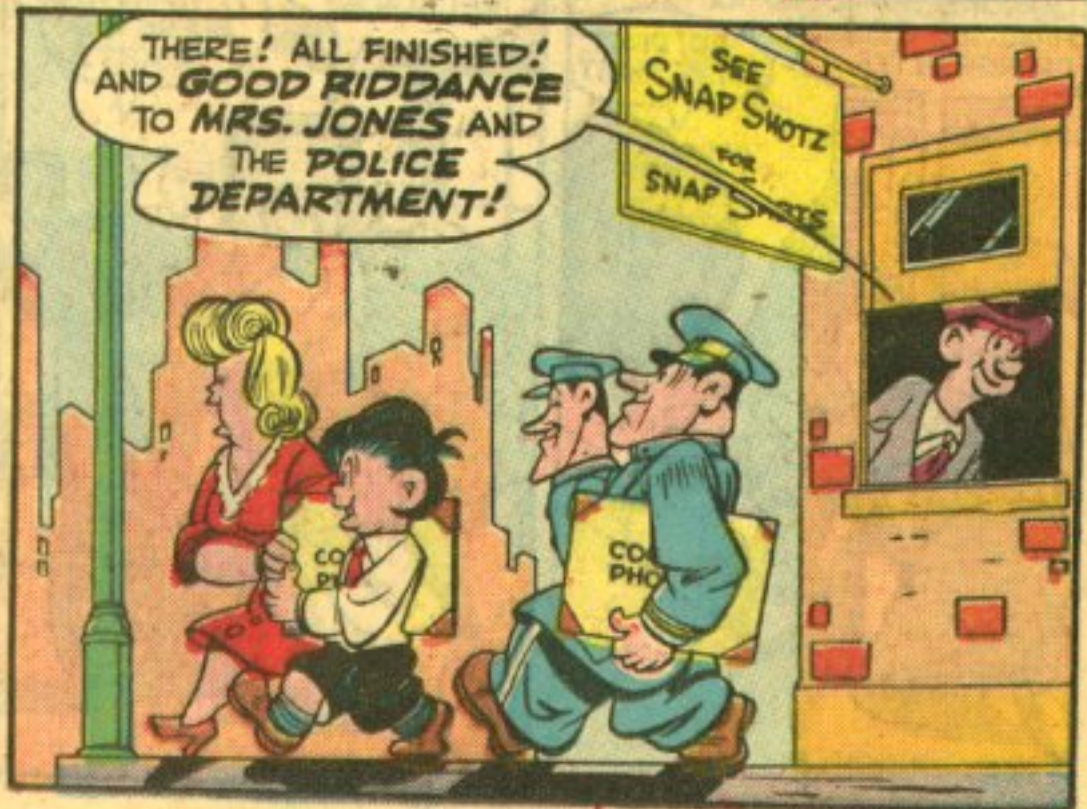
WHRAAMMM!



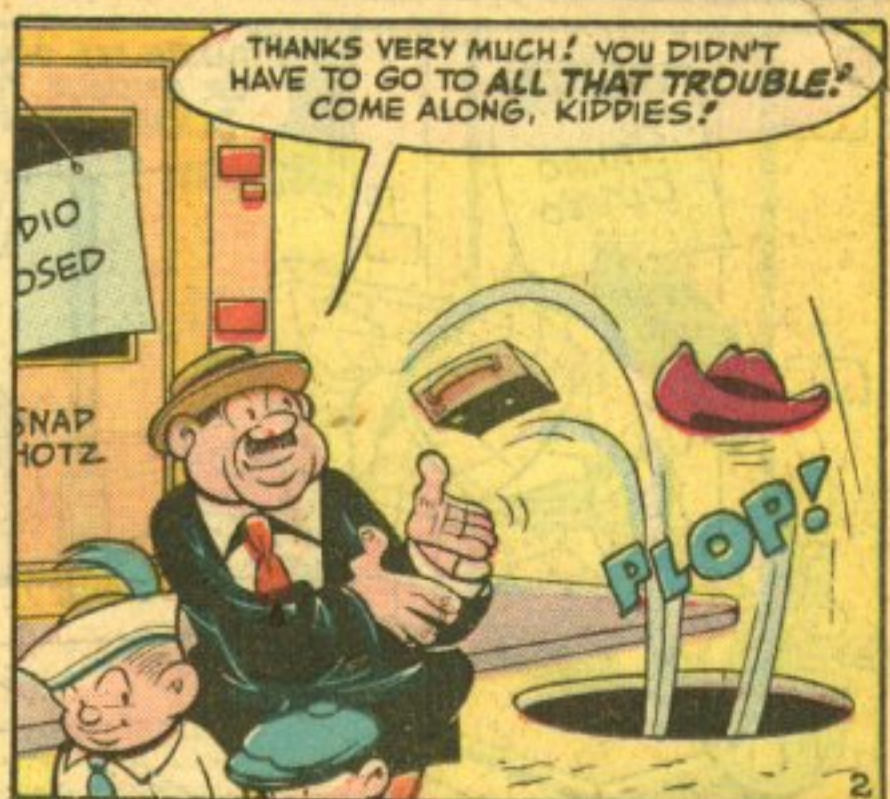
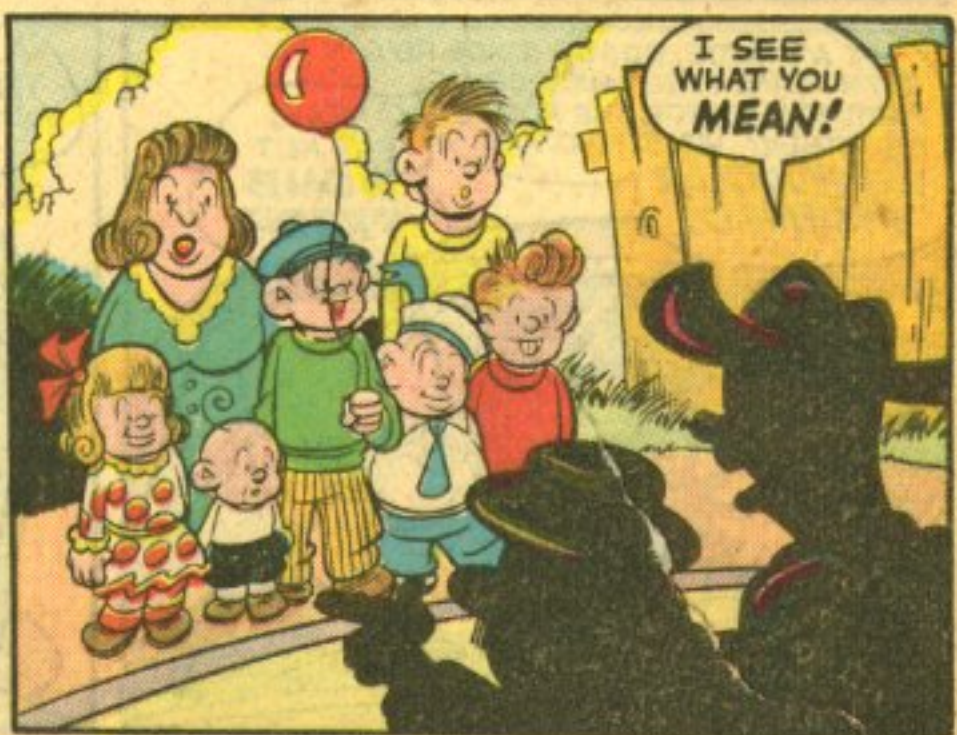
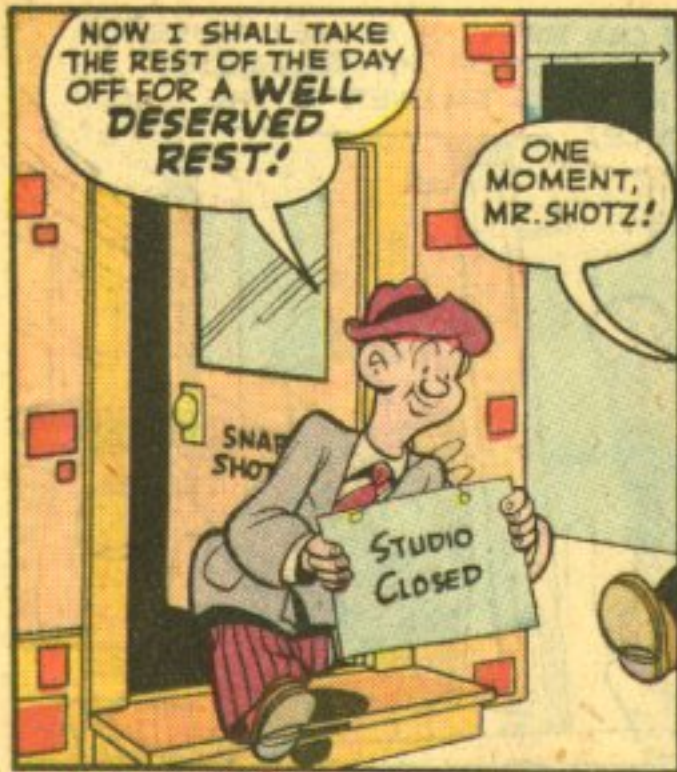




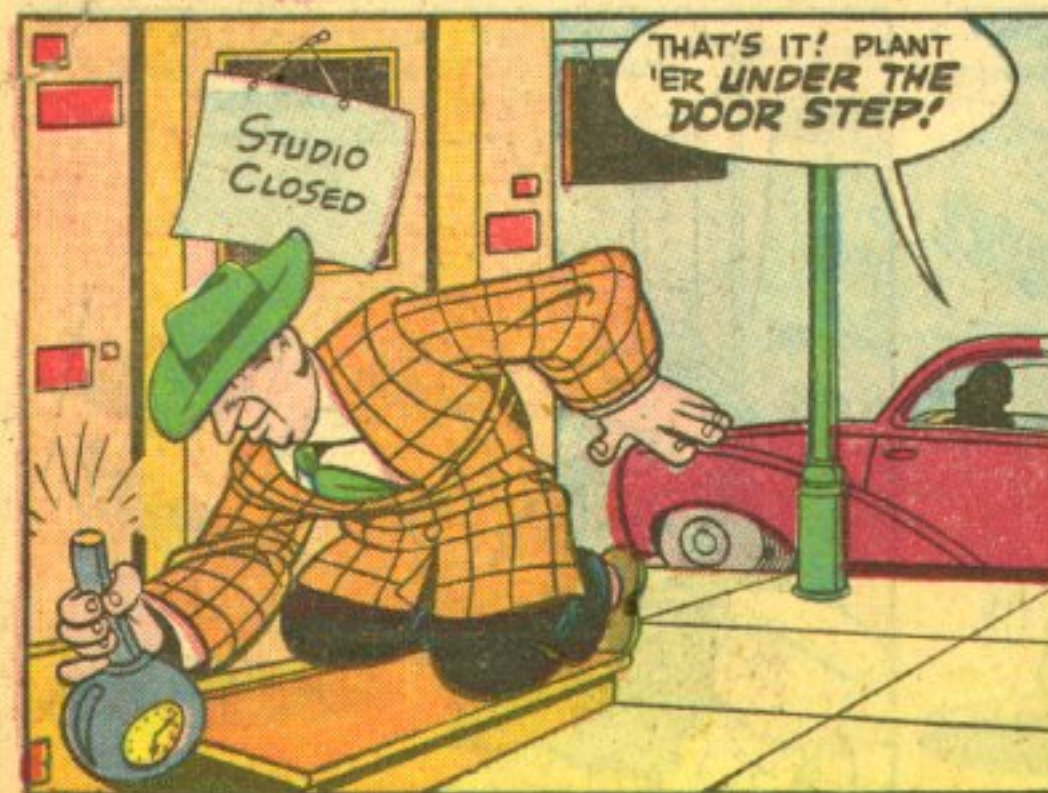
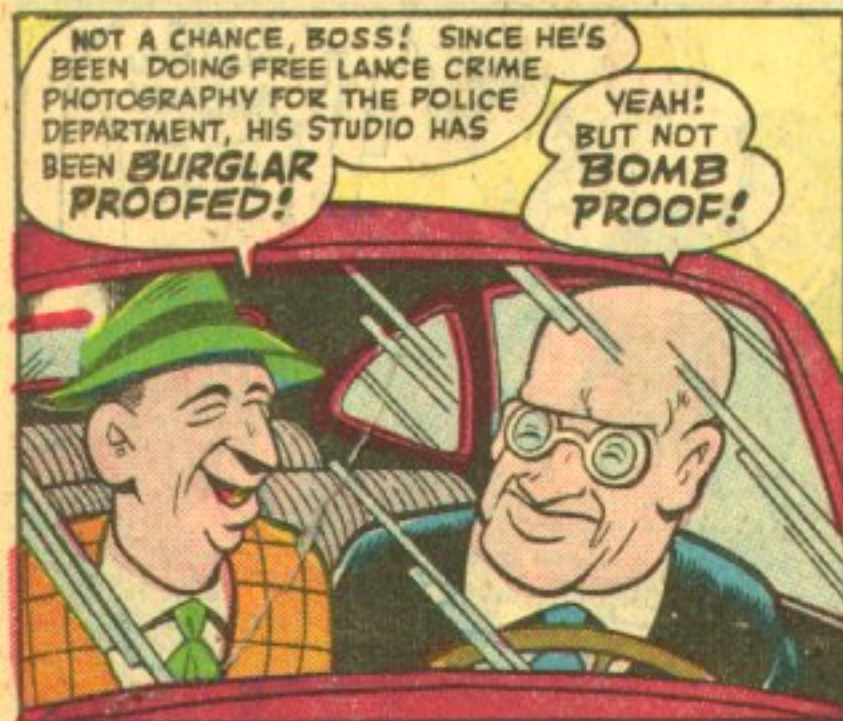
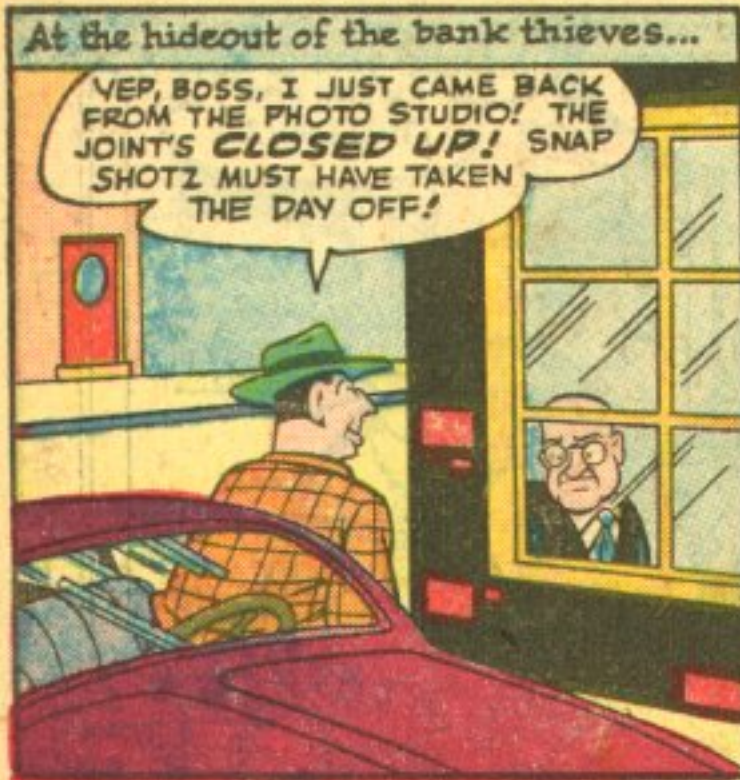
# SWAP PHOTO ENLARGER SHOTZ



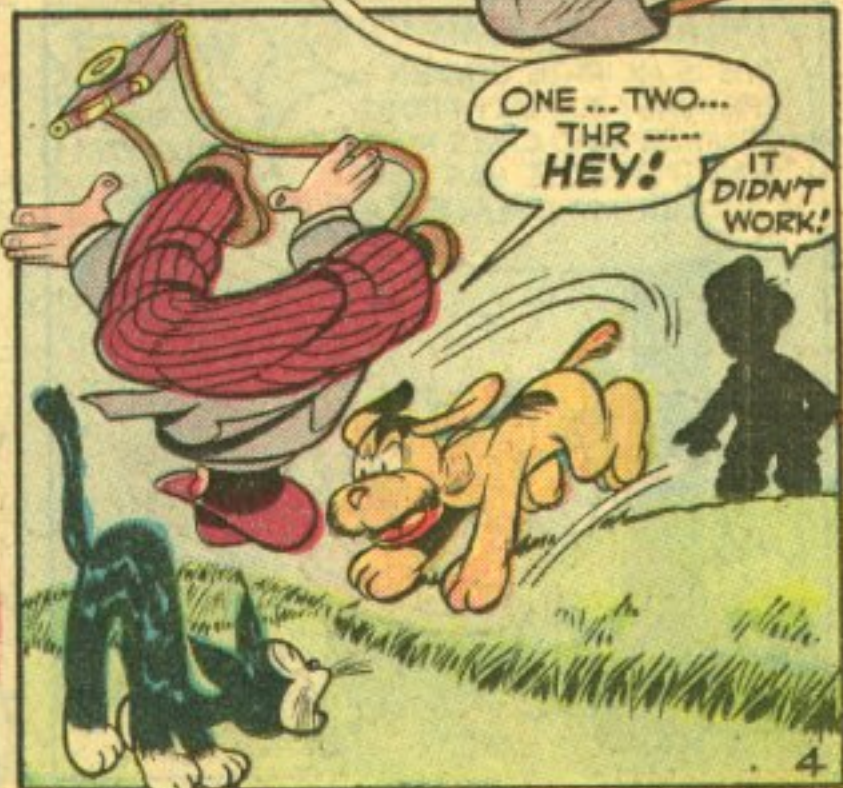
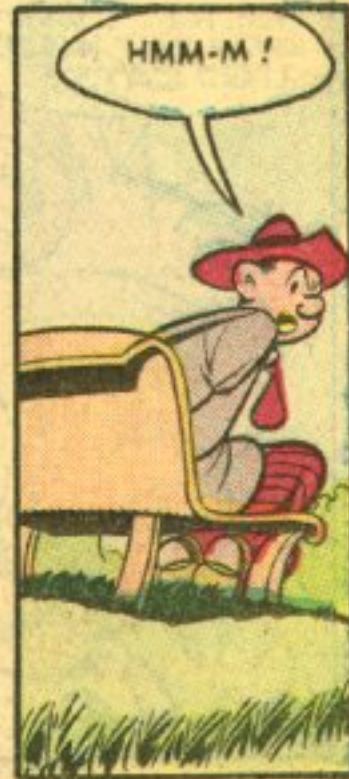




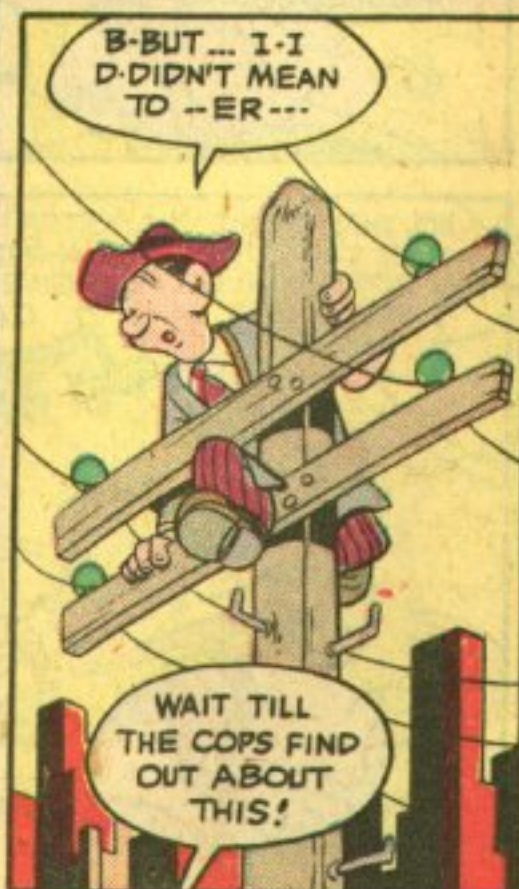
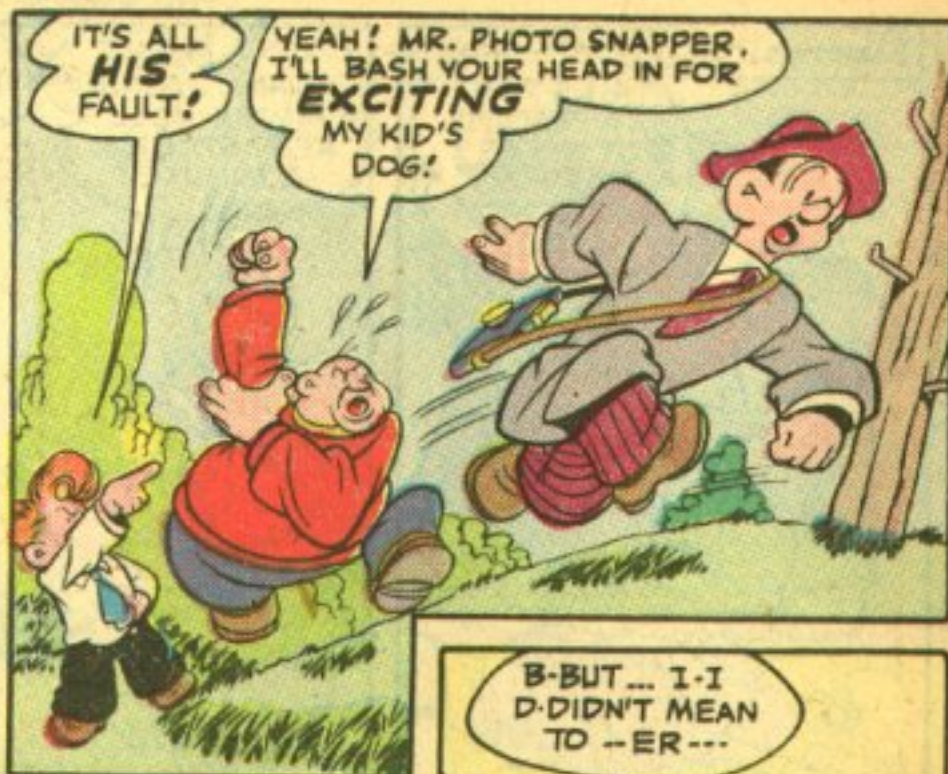




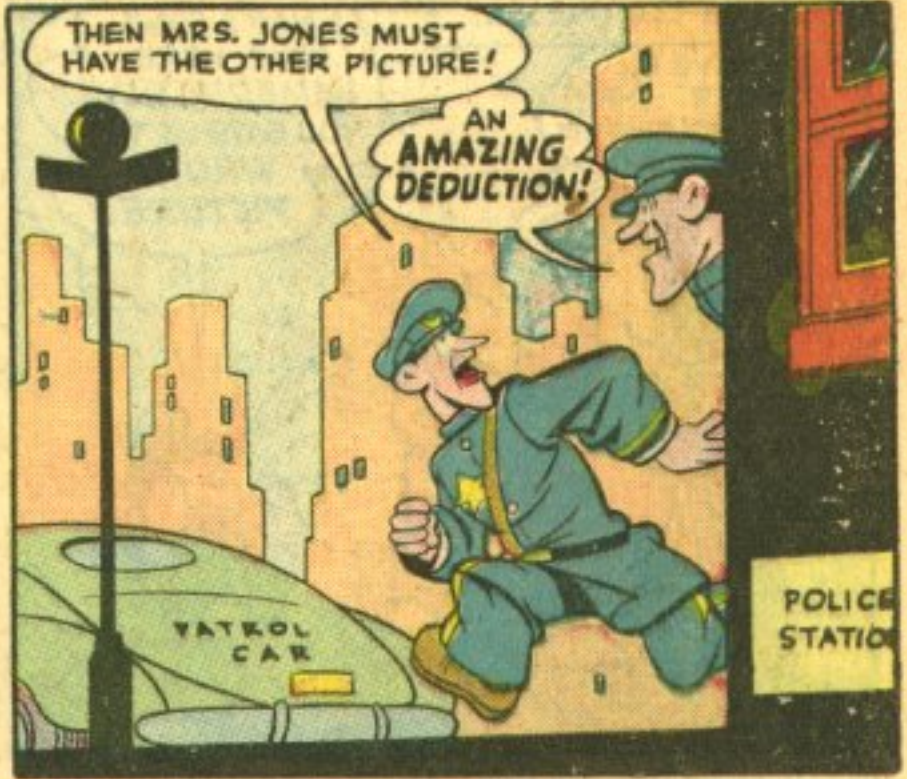




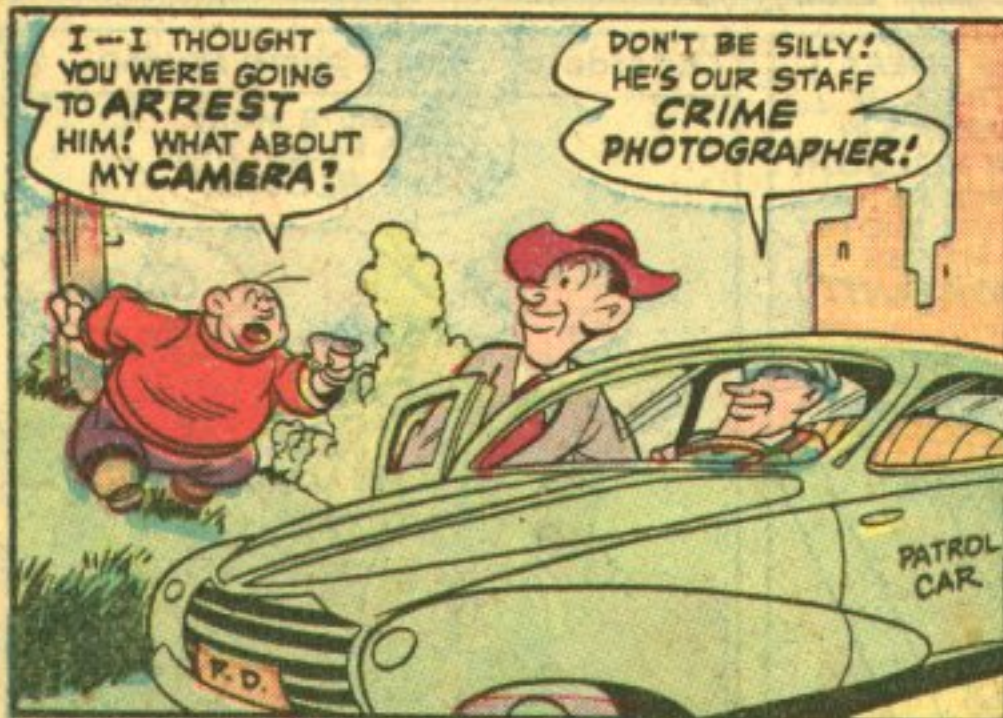






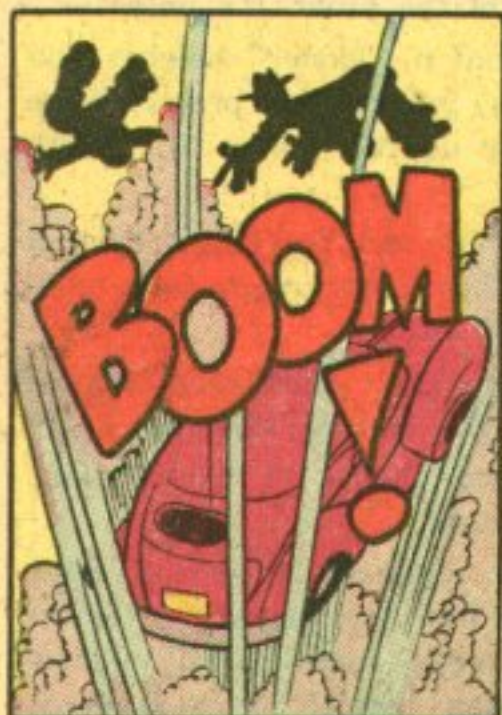








KID ETERNITY





# GROTTO of OSIRIS

THE caravan snaked along the shimmering valley like a series of dots welded into a long chain. It was the caravan of Porter Hughes, wealthy archaeologist, from London. He had, when nobody else could, obtained special permission from the Egyptian government to dig for artifacts in the Lower Nile.

I guess no one in the field had the reputation that Hughes did. Young fellow, too! Had been a flier for a time in the RAF. Then Jerry raised an umbrella of flak under his Spitfire one evening—and Hughes was in a hospital for long months. Archaeology was his business. So now he was back in it knee-deep.

From the hills high above Egypt's great river, the Nile, the caravan of Porter Hughes looked like any other caravan. But it wasn't. You would only have to be a party of it to know that at a glance. Not that it differed so much in general makeup from other caravans; it was simply different *internally*.

There was trouble brewing in the Hughes party. Hughes knew it. So did Lowden, the ethnologist. And Keep, the artist. In fact, everyone connected with the undertaking knew that Marcus Doone was going to cause plenty of trouble.

It was like this: Marcus Doone had, he claimed, found a great cave in the Lower Nile country where several extremely ancient statues, lifesized, were to be found. Authentic Egyptian, he told the Board at the Museum. And Marcus Doone was a leading authority on Egyptian things, so nobody questioned his statements.

At the time of his discovery, Doone was broke. It was during the depression period in America, from where he hailed, and he had lost everything. He had hurried to Egypt to recoup his fortunes in the best way he could decide. And he had been fortunate in finding the Grotto of Osiris, as it was called in the profession. But he needed money to bring the statues out.

That's where Porter Hughes came in. Hughes agreed with Doone to furnish the money for

the expedition. And so they were off, early in 1934.

It wasn't long before Hughes and others in the party knew that Doone would cause trouble. The agreement was a 50-50 split on the amount the statues brought. But Doone was a greedy chap, and he now wanted to give Hughes only 25 per cent. It stood about like this:

"It's not greed," he flared out one day to Hughes in one of their interminable arguments. "I will give you the credit for the find, you take 25 per cent of the profit. It's only fair."

"What's fair about it, Doone?" Hughes asked. "Without money you couldn't prosecute the search. I'm putting up the money. It's worth half."

Doone sneered. "Money! You've got bags of it, but like every other aristocrat you want more and more. Money!"

"You want money, don't you?" Hughes came back. "What are you making this trek for?"

"Money!" shouted Doone. "I haven't any. You have all you need."

It was a foolish argument all around. Long days in the desert, like long periods in the far northern woods, make men partially mad. Strange things often happen in such cases. Hughes expected trouble when they came upon the grotto. If it was ever to come about.

They had been more than five weeks on the march. And now to add to everything else, they were running short of water. According to the best calculations, they were about 90 miles from their destination—and water. The camels were all right, but the men were grumbling at the stingy handouts of water, handouts which were being cut daily.

If anything was wrong with their plotted course, then they faced a terrible death in the desert. But Doone was certain that he was on the right track, and he impatiently hammered at the drivers to put on more speed.

Camels can be driven just so fast and no faster. They are good for short spurts of great speed, but that gait cannot be held for long.



Not on a long trek. So Doone and the drivers were constantly at loggerheads.

Lack of water had appreciably slowed the caravan. But not Doone's haggling. Hughes now tried to avoid the man, just to forestall the beefs.

The day they approached a high ridge of basalt cliffs, Doone was jubilant. This was it! Here somewhere on the other side of that ridge lay the Grotto of Osiris. The grotto of a giant fortune. A fortune for Doone!

The nearer they came to the ridge the more excited Doone became. He hurried the drivers, cursed at them. He was a madman. Hughes smiled and kept out of his way.

They crossed the ridge without mishap. And then they were wending their way down the slope toward the broad ribbon of the Nile.

It was evening when they came to a faint trail where Doone soon found rocks placed at different spots—markers he had set up himself years before.

"We'll be there in no time flat!" he cried.

Hughes suggested making camp where they were and using it as a headquarters from which to work.

"No," argued Doone. "It's several miles from here. We'll move in closer. There's water and forage for the beasts."

So they moved on.

Moonlight had come when they reached the narrow opening of a pass in the cliffs.

"Just beyond here," said Doone. "Come on!"

Throwing up a camp, they were soon under way. And in an hour Doone, Hughes, and two others had found the entrance of the grotto. It loomed dark and mysterious in the silvery moonlight. They had lights and so entered immediately.

A tunnel ran for a hundred yards, then they came out into a large cavern. Stalactytes and stalagmites were everywhere. The room was cold, silent. But what brought gasps from the men were the three big white statues that stood in various positions about the cavern. In the lights of the torches they loomed white and weird. Doone gave a great sigh.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Millions of bucks!"

"Dames," said one of the young men. "Dead ones!"

Doone couldn't pry his eyes from the statues.

He stood and gaped at them. He didn't hear anything the others said. Even when they insisted that he return to camp with them, he didn't hear. They left him there.

Hughes was sleepy and tired. He ate a light meal and went to his bunk. So did the others. Once during the night he woke up and glanced at the empty bunk of Doone's. The man was utterly mad. He was still there in the cavern feasting his eyes on the inanimate women of Osiris. Well, let him!

When, the next morning, Doone was still missing, a stir of alarm ran through the party. What had happened to the crazy chap? They hurriedly made up a search party and set off for the grotto. The first thing they saw was the absence of the three statues.

"Good gosh!" cried the photographer. "The babes are gone! Old Doone must've run off with 'em."

"That's exactly what seems to have happened," replied Hughes. "But run off where with them?"

Abou Zan, chief driver, said quietly, "He must have gone toward the river."

They set out, following an easy trail—a trail that looked as if Doone had dragged the statues. And he would have to drag them to move them. But where was the foolish fellow thinking of going?

"There." Abou Zan pointed.

They could see a tiny speck not far out in the ribbon. It scarcely moved. The Arab insisted that it was Doone.

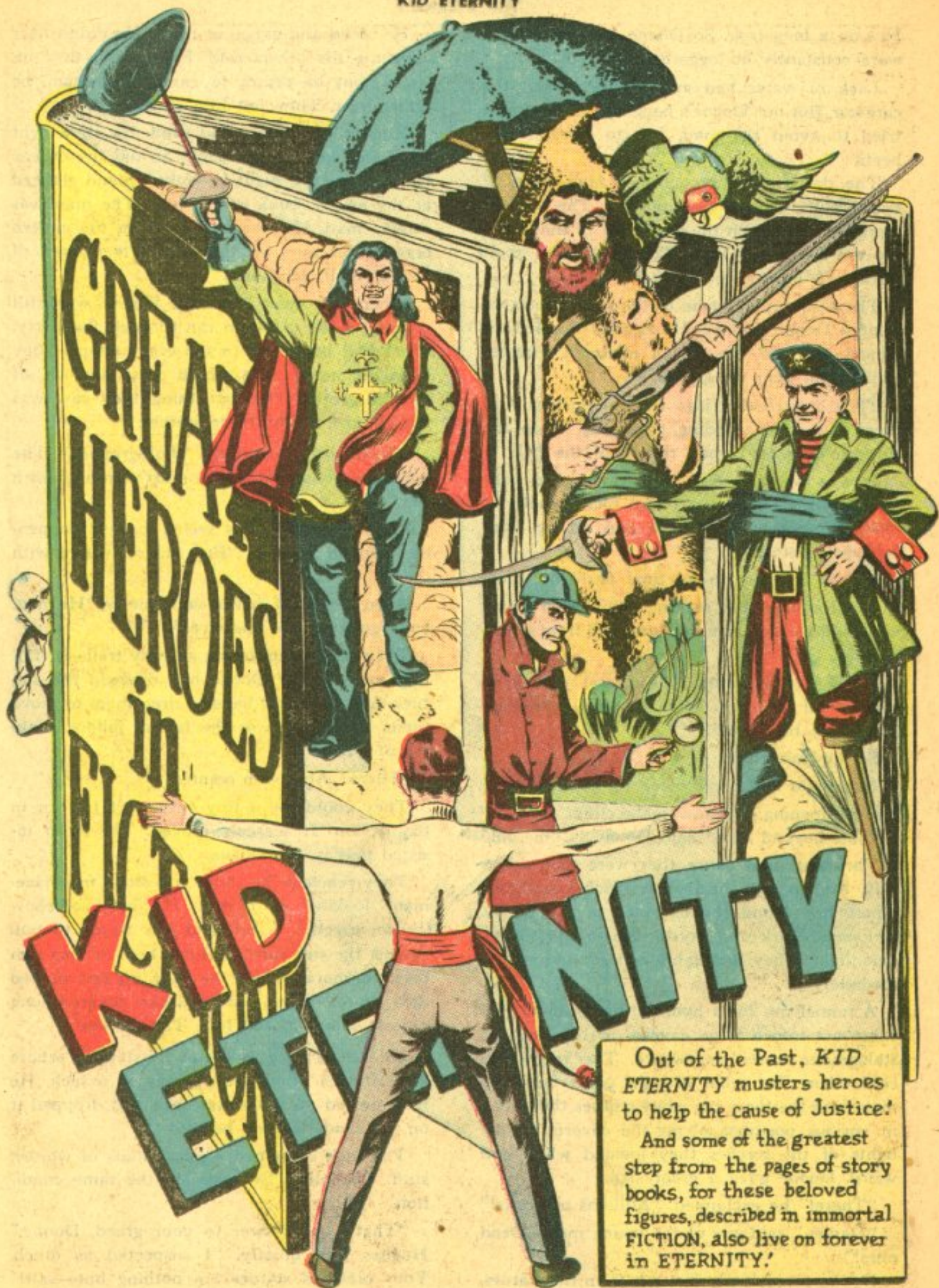
They reached the shore and stood in amazement looking at Doone. He had somehow thrown together a raft and was trying to pull against the stiff current. But it kept driving him back to shore. At last he gave up and drifted into shore. Three burlap sacks covered long objects lying on the raft. The statues!

He had nothing to say as he stepped ashore and Hughes lifted one opening of a sack. He then picked up the entire sack and dropped it on the sand. "Look," he said.

The sack contained a pulpy mass of whitish stuff. The other two were in the same condition.

"That's the answer to your greed, Doone," Hughes said quietly. "I suspected as much. Your precious statues are nothing but—salt!"





Out of the Past, *KID ETERNITY* musters heroes to help the cause of Justice!

And some of the greatest step from the pages of story books, for these beloved figures, described in immortal FICTION, also live on forever in ETERNITY!





**HAW-HAW!** LOOK AT MARK MILLER MOIL AND TOIL! HE THINKS HE'S GONNA FIND TREASURE!

LAUGH ALL YOU WANT, SQUIRE HUMDRUM! I'LL KEEP DIGGING UNTIL I FIND IT!

I'M NOT LAUGHING, MARK! I BELIEVE THAT OLD STORY ABOUT YOUR GRANDFATHER BURYING HIS FORTUNE--AND I KNOW WHY YOU WANT IT!

SO YOU AND I CAN GET MARRIED, LILY! IF YOU'RE ROOTING FOR ME, I'LL NEVER STOP HUNTING!



They cannot see the invisible *Kid Eternity* and Mr. Keeper, standing nearby ...

IT WOULD BE A SHAME IF THAT NICE GUY WAS REALLY DIGGING FOR NOTHING! I'VE GOT A NOTION TO ---

WHY NOT SAVE YOUR MIRACLES FOR SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT, KID?

IT TAKES ENERGY TO CALL ALL THESE PEOPLE BACK FROM THE DEAD! I OUGHT TO PUT YOU ON A RATION LIST OF CALLS!

NOT TODAY, KEEP! BE A GOOD FELLOW! **ETERNITY!**



At the magic call, a shape whirls out of the past...

IT'S KASPAR HAUSER, THE MYSTERY BOY OF OLD NUREMBURG!

NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM OR WHY HE DIED SO STRANGELY!



I PREFER TO REMAIN A MYSTERY! LET THE WORLD WONDER ABOUT ME---IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE NOW!

ONE THING THE OLD ACCOUNTS SAY ABOUT YOU, KASPAR, IS THAT YOU HAD THE POWER TO TELL WHEN YOU WERE NEAR **HIDDEN METAL!**













# KID ETERNITY



BACK TO TOWN! YOU'RE LOOKING IN ON THE MACKAY MUSCLERS, YOU SAY? CAN'T THEY WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW?

THEY HAVE THE REPUTATION OF MAKING TROUBLE! I THINK THEY NEED TENDERING DOWN - AND WE MAY AS WELL DO IT NOW!













KID ETERNITY



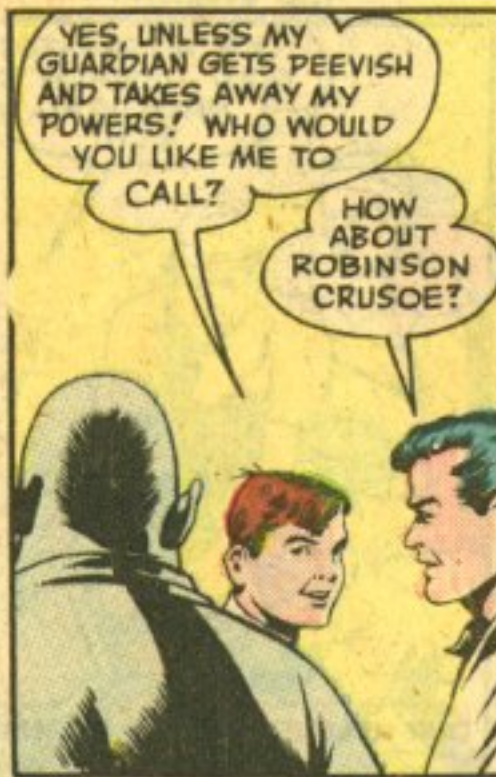
























YOU ARE---

JIMMY SKUNK, THE HERO OF THE BEDTIME STORIES!

At the country jail...

YOU'D BETTER OWN UP! WHO CALLED YOU INTO THESE PARTS AND WHY?

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO A BETTER THIRD DEGREE THAN THAT! I'M TELLING NOBODY NOTHING!



LOCK ME UP WITH THE OTHERS!

WHY, SQUIRE HUMDRUM! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I SENT FOR THE MEN TO ROB MARK MILLER! I CONFESS! PUT ME BEHIND BARS ---AND IF SOMEBODY NAMED KID ETERNITY CALLS, SAY I'M OUT!



AND NOW I'LL SAY GOODBYE, FOLKS! LIKEWISE GOOD LUCK!

YOU'RE THE BEST LUCK THAT WE EVER MET!



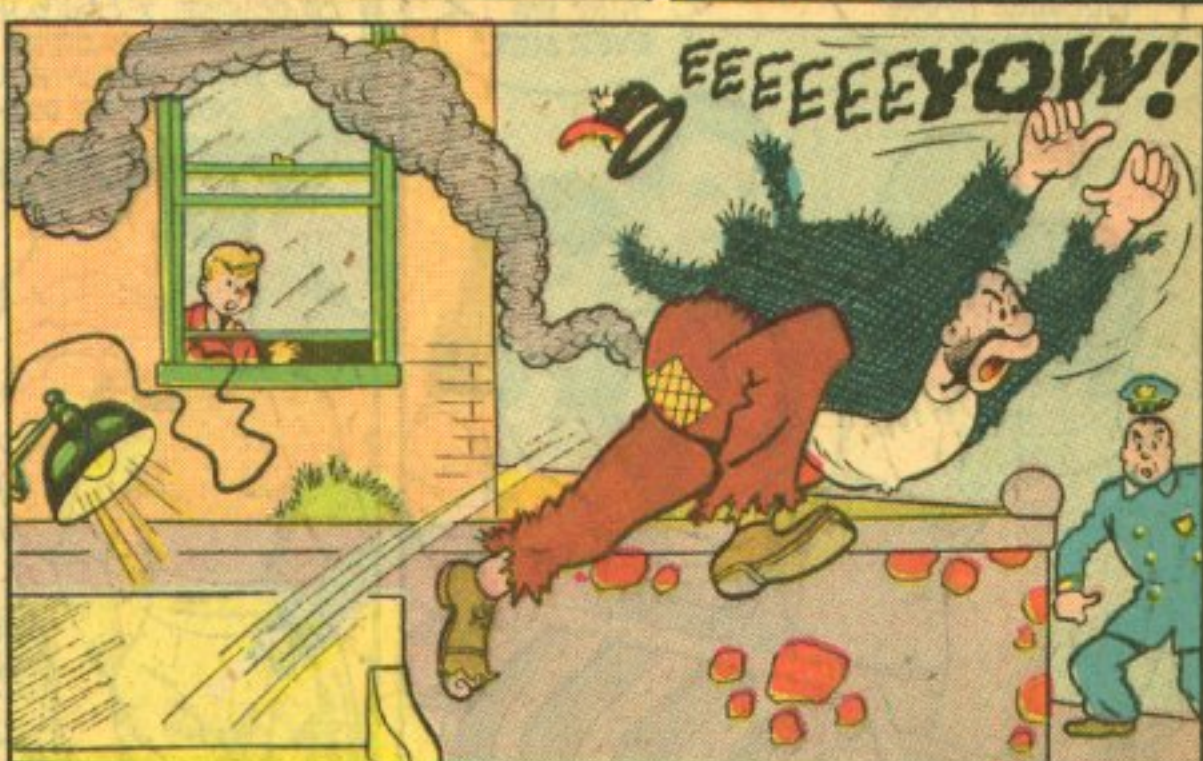
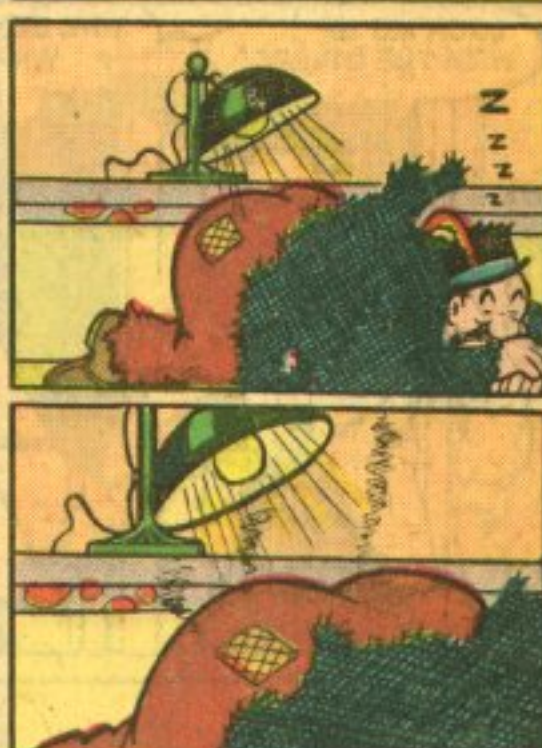
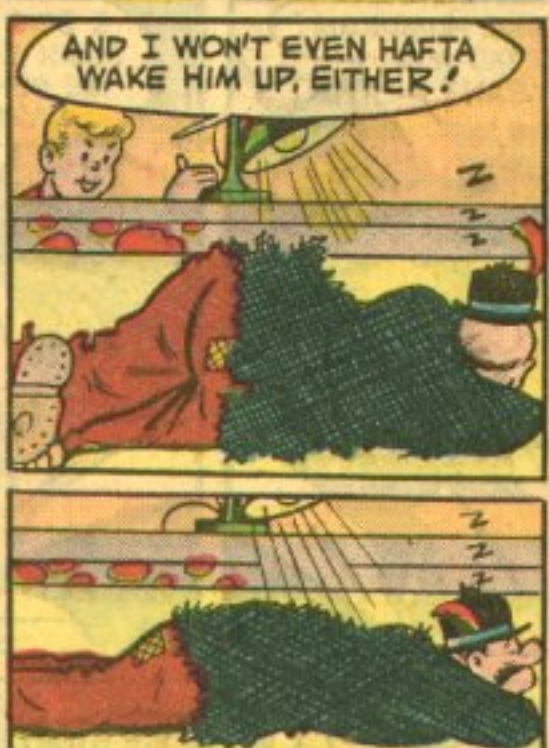
WASN'T IT FUN, KEEP --- BRINGING ALL THOSE STORY BOOK HEROES TO EARTH? OF COURSE, I COULD HAVE CALLED IN REGIMENTS OF OTHER CHARACTERS --- DON QUIXOTE, THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON, DEADWOOD DICK---

LET'S GO BACK TO HEADQUARTERS! EVERY TIME WE COME WALKING ON EARTH, YOU WORK ME TO DEATH!



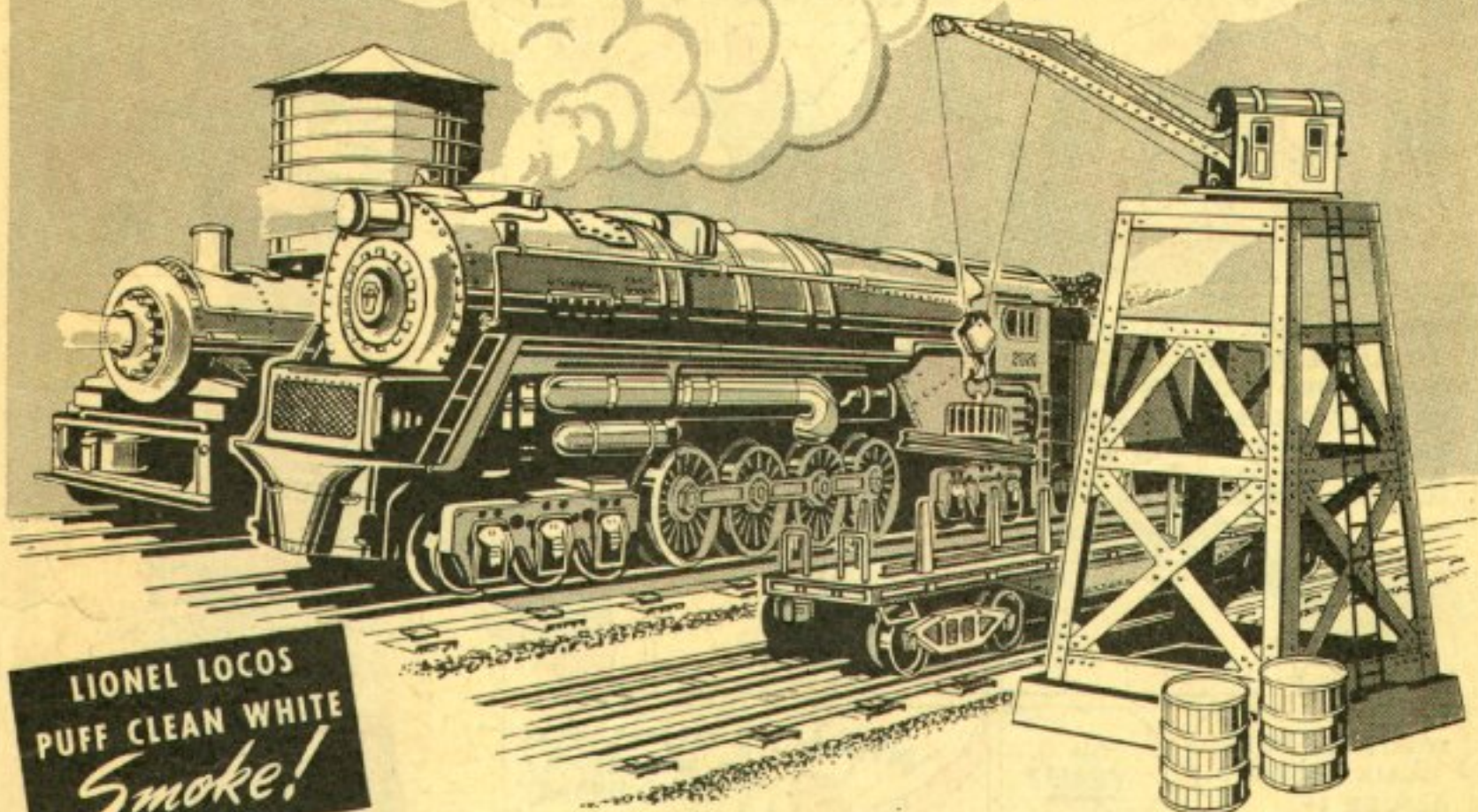


# Hinky Dooly





# If you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



LIONEL LOCOS  
PUFF CLEAN WHITE  
*Smoke!*



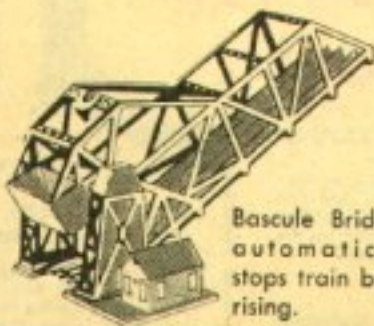
Brand new operating Water Tower — water lowers and rises in the tank. Remote control operation.



Automatic Gateman — rushes out and swings lantern when train approaches.

## WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET "POP PERSUADER"

It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon today — you'll see!



Bascule Bridge — automatically stops train before rising.

*Full Color Catalog also  
Scenery Building Book*



**Mail  
Coupon  
Today**

# LIONEL TRAINS

Locos puff SMOKE and WHISTLE like real trains.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. "A3"  
15 East 26 St., New York (10), N. Y.

Please send the full color catalog and Scenery Construction Book — also secret "Pop Persuader". (I enclose 10c for mailing.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

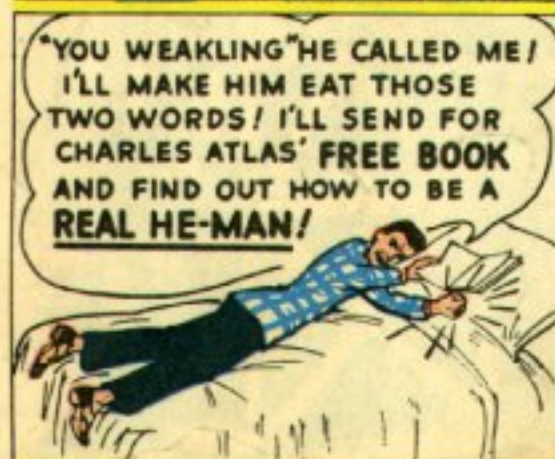
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Please don't forget 10c for mailing charges)



# HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



—actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 M,  
115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly).

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.